FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Volume XVIII, Number 4, August 1967

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Our purpose: To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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THE BRAHMO SAMAJ

Its Religious Principles

We believe that this universe has sprung from, is sustained and governed by the will of a supreme and self-existent Being, infinite in power, wisdom, love, justice, and holiness. We cannot conceive or comprehend him except partially through his manifestations in nature and in man; but by means of our reason and instincts, our faith and intuition, we can sufficiently know him to believe in him and to worship him.

We believe that worship, or conscious moral and spiritual intercourse with the Father, consisting of an attitude of love, gratitude, trust, and reverence is a most sacred and solemn duty on man's part and the way to salvation.

We believe that the way to this salvation is through love, which teaches the soul to seek the will of the Father as the highest good. It does not snatch the soul away from temptations, nor violently uproots the desires, but places it above them and beyond them by making them matters of indifference to its purpose or aim.

We believe that not only outward morality, but also the purity of the inward nature, producing singleness of mind and holiness of intention, is one of the first conditions of spiritual intercourse with God, and that the attainment of this holiness should

be a matter of earnest prayer.

By prayer we understand that loving, trustful, and expectant attitude which the soul naturally assumes towards God, when it feels itself weak and fainting in its struggles after spiritual progress.

We do not look upon the world as a delusion nor as a place of bondage nor as the heritage of fallen humanity and consequently an abode of sin and suffering; but we believe that the world is a nursery for the soul, beautifully adapted for its growth and development, and for the exercise and culture of its moral and spiritual powers during the early stage of its existence; and that all the spiritual and moral ties that bind man to his family and to his kind, are sacred and divinely ordained.

We believe that true piety does not consist in outward ceremonies and asceticism, but in the strict purity of inward conduct, in the sanctification of the relations of life, and in the combination and harmony of faith and work, of communion and prayer, and of love and philanthropy.

We believe that religion is progressive; that all the religions of the world represent more or less imperfect attempts to spell out the common religious instincts and spiritual aspirations of mankind; that they have not been made but have grown out of the spiritual life of man, assuming different forms owing to differences of intellectual moral, social, and political condition. So there are truths in all and we cheerfully accept them.

We regard the whole human race as a family, of which God is the Father, the world the abode, the great men the elder brothers, the scriptures of all nations the depositories of spiritual treasure and the triumph of truth, love, and justice the ultimate goal.

— Sivanath Sastri
(In THE INDIAN MESSENGER)

POEMS *Carla Patsuris*

COLOR

Crackling roasted flesh fueling the fire
Reflections turning the world red

A black mother
And a white one
STRUGGLING AGAINST FLIGHT INTO FLAME

Each knowing her son is burning to ash:

Sons whose bones are white
Though red is predominant this night.

WHERE ONCE THE RIVERS RAN TURBULENT-RED GROUNDS ARE PROLIFIC WITH JOY

Farmers prosper door and gate

A phoenix-bird hovers above
The Universe below
Under peaceful sky
Fishes multiply
And loaves of bread grow
For men who love

Long after war and not too late.

EDITORIAL

"HAPPY FAMILIES ARE ALL ALIKE"

The quotation above, which is the first sentence of Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina,* is relevant to this issue published in a summer that, in America at least, has been the hottest and longest of all.

It strikes the editor that there has seldom been offered so many points of view.

To begin with, an excerpt from *The Indian Messenger* which provides an affirmation — pertinent to Americans and possibly to all others — of the human race as a family.

Next, a pair of poems, extraordinary in their imagery, which speak out against war and, farther still, for "men who love long after war."

Then, this short commentary struggling not to offend or discomfort.

Then, a poem of a terseness remarkable in its language but also — and probably chiefly — in its psychological honesty.

And then, still another poem, of quite a different kind, its words and rhythm as placid as its title.

And still more poems, these as simple and direct as a person's most silent prayers.

And then, perhaps to the surprise of every reader, an article from a business man, abruptly thoughtful, obviously derived from a lifetime's experience, which in its pragmatic fashion arrives, like the poems, at a plea for prayer to God.

The center pages supply ten more poems by almost as many poets. They are of all kinds, moods, beauties .... The number of poems submitted for publication continues to amaze the editor. This is not supposed to be an age of poetry. Is it possible that among our contributors we have discovered a hitherto-unnoticed part of life in this time in this country? Is it possible that these poems are in their various ways the most private of prayers?

There follow, with still another poem in-between, two articles on human nature.

Finally, the second and concluding part of a meditation, beautifully written, both concrete and abstract, which though in prose is a poem also.

The remarkable aspect of all this diversity is the unanimity of each writer's meaning. All, without exception, I think, seek the same goal, tranquility, solitude, the most inward spirit .... And in this summer, so hot and long, this family likeness of intention ought to help, ought to calm, ought to reassure the reader, along with the editor, that no matter how we differ we remain alike, comprehensible to one another, sharing one another's difficulties, joining in each other's most personal aspirations ....

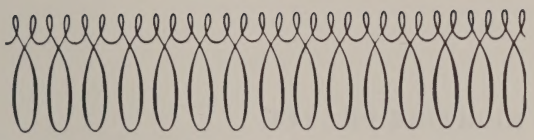
WHAT SHADOW DID I CAST?

E. B. Twyeffort

Upon this day the sun has finally set —
And yet —
Around the globe another has begun,
Unspun.
What shadow did I cast? Outlined?
Defined?
Of strong, unwavering, rooted barren oak?
No cloak
Of leaves to hide behind when sad with rain —
In pain.

All branches spread out wide against each blow,
Below,
Above, around and through me shone Thy light.
My might
Came only from Thy power to grow a seed,
Whose need
Was "light"-Transformed to root, and trunk, and leaf —
"Belief."

When young I stood alone, then grew two parts;
Two hearts
Grew up in trust and spread out dual shade
Love made.
Until one-half completed, broke away —
That day.
There stood revealed my unprotected side,
Lost pride.
Shine deep within that hidden growing part,
My heart,
Tomorrow may my outline clearer be,
To me.

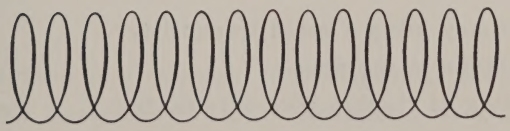


TRANQUILITY

Velta Myrle Allen

It comes to the sailor on placid seas;
It comes to the mountain man;
It comes to the tranquil world of nature;
It comes to the caravan.

Whenever man prays for inner peace,
In city or forests of green
To make up his peace with self and God,
Thoughts must be true and serene.



POEMS

Estelle Davis Taylor

NIGHTIME PRAYER

When the day is done,
Dark shadows creep,
God, who guards me daily,
Guard me as I sleep.

When the stars are radiant,
Above my head—
Set an angel to watch
Beside my bed.

PRAYER IS POWER

Prayer may bring a great tranquility,
A stillness in the soul—
A feeling of kinship with all creation,
You may almost hear a star ripping
Across the sky, or a timid rose unfold,
A plant breaking through the earth,
A mole burrowing underground;
There is a deep peace, a rare quietness,
Of nerves, thoughts and emotions,
When a soul rises in power and grandeur
And in gladness to meet its Maker.

FROM A BUSINESS MAN

$$$$$$$$$$$$$ $$$$$$$

Marius C. Thode

Business is a religion, and religion is a business. All business is the business of God. The extent to which any business prospers is determined by how well we apply ourselves to it and by the investment we make in time and effort. Money is merely the oil which keeps the machinery of an enterprise in motion. The rewards are increased when human nature is willing to put into it the ingredients which money cannot buy. The more we practice service to our fellow man, the greater our return will be. Our candle loses nothing of its light when we light another candle from it.

Long experience taught me that increased returns and greater success crowns any activity which takes God into the partnership. The wealth of the world belongs to God, and we are merely the custodians of it. Properly employed it multiplies. When it is misused, we lose it. That is God's law of compensation at work, and we cannot evade it. All business slumps if not properly nourished with good deeds. Then the economy has a habit of meting out its own dire punishment when it is misused or abused. God is not mocked.

God put us here to work and improve the world He gave us. We must learn to look at God's plan for us in a broader sense, if we expect to reap a richer harvest. There is more work to be done in the world than there are workers to do it, yet we fret about unemployment. "What fools we mortals be!" We seem to have lost our former pride in achievement. Shorter hours—with less work for higher wages—are an offense to God's plan. The fruits of automation and other scientific advances were not given us to waste in relaxation. They are intended as benefits to all mankind.

Nations which are strong enough to fight and win wars, should be strong enough to enforce peace and forestall the outbreak of wars. I am neither a hawk nor a dove, and I agree that to gain liberty and freedom for a people and to overcome anti-God tyranny is a worthy cause. However, in our supposedly more enlightened times it should be possible through powerful joint leadership to overcome evil by peaceful means. In my opinion the League of Nations failed because in its idealism it overlooked taking God into the partnership of nations. Our present United Nations fails to preserve peace for the same reason.

If men of all faiths whose fundamental belief is in God joined together and sincerely prayed God for peace, that blessing would be granted the world. We ought not to forget that while we

need the help of God in our daily lives, God also needs the help of man in the distribution of His bounty. Prayers without works are worthless.

Agreements and not arguments bring results. Throughout the centuries silent diplomacy has not contributed lasting peace to our world. It must be replaced by hardheaded business methods—by men who know how to trade profitably. Small emerging nations ought not to become the prey of greedy nations who seek to grasp what does not rightfully belong to them. God has provided sufficient wealth in the world to satisfy the needs of all nations and individuals. It was never intended that we fight each other for it. History teaches that all wars leave a desire for future revenge in the breasts of the losers.

All nations large and small possess riches inherent to their environment which are not present in other countries. A world system of planned honest trading would result in a fair exchange of raw materials, manufactured products, machinery, etc. Trade must become a friendly two-way street to enrich all participants. Full stomachs do not resort to warfare. We must teach the world how to work, for idleness breeds mischief. Once a mutually profitable commerce flows across the borders of all countries, there will no longer be need for soldiers to cross those borders.

What is the main cause of world unrest? A serious weakness is a lack of sincere cooperation between nations. They distrust each other and look with suspicion on any plan offered for the general good. They ask: "What will we get out of it?" Few nations ask what they could contribute to a program for progress. Once a prominent doctor was escorting a friend through one of our institutions for the mentally deficient. Soon they came to the

ward for the more violent cases. After watching the antics of these unfortunates, the friend asked the doctor: "Aren't you afraid of these fellows getting together some day and attacking you?" With a sad smile the doctor answered: "No, there is little danger of their ever *getting together*. You see, crazy people never cooperate!"

Well, as a sales executive, I assure you that successful business leaders know how to gain cooperation. They start by demonstrating to the other fellow just how he will profit out of any plan. They arouse his interest to a point where he joins in the program with enthusiasm. That principle holds true whether it be between individuals or nations. No government creates prosperity. The wealth of a country is created by its business enterprises and its millions of workers. It is the taxes of business and its works which support a government. Too much of that hard-earned wealth is squandered by dreamers of idealistic schemes for world salvation. The creators of this wealth must assert a stronger voice in the management of world affairs. False modesty is not a virtue.

The basic rules for the guidance of business or individuals can be found in the Old and New Testaments of the Bible. They are not always clearly understood, because the meaning of certain words has changed over the centuries. Even some of our English words have taken on a different shade of meaning since the Bible was translated into the English language. The word "Bible" does not appear in the Scriptures. It is a Greek word meaning "book." It contains interesting informative stories. How many know, for instance, that the inscription on our "Liberty Bell" was borrowed from Lev. 25:10 in the Bible: "...proclaim liberty throughout *all* the land unto all the inhabitants thereof:"

It was Pascal who said: "Human knowledge must be under-

stood to be loved, but divine knowledge must be loved to be understood." In the Proverbs of Solomon it is written: "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding." What a comfort it is in a time of travail to have a friend who possesses complete understanding. In business sometimes wisdom without complete understanding is guilty of wrong solutions to a problem. A salesman may in his wisdom know his products and their prices thoroughly, but he will not sell a prospect unless he also has complete understanding of the customer's desires, preferences, and even his idiosyncracies.

A valuable commandment is "Love ye one another." Some think this means that we embrace and fall into each other's arms. It simply means that we always show proper respect one to the other. When I first told salesmen to go out and make love to their customers they were a bit amused; until it was explained that we cannot hope to sell a prospect successfully until we first make a friend of him. If we can tactfully offer ideas which will improve his business, we are making love to him. He will love us in return.

"Love thine enemies." Some years ago reports came in that the salesmen of a competitor were "knocking" our company at every opportunity. I do not hold altogether with the saying that every knock is a boost. I decided that the best thing to do for the time being was to do nothing. Then one day an out-of-town customer visited our office. After placing his regular order, he asked if we could tell him where he could obtain certain items which we did not supply. I decided to send him to the above competitor, and asked him if he would be good enough to mention that we had recommended him there. That was agreed.

About a week later this competitor telephoned to thank us. I invited him to have lunch with me at the advertising club. Laugh-

ingly, I thanked him for the free advertising he had been giving us. He was all apology, and in our friendly chat he mentioned that he had been approached by a foreign concern to take on their line as United States agents. He could not do it justice and gave me the name of the foreign representative plus that of the hotel he was stopping at. We took on the agency, and the franchise proved one of great profit to us. That was an example of God's law at work.

Competition may be the life of trade, but competition within religions seems ridiculous.

One Sunday morning in a Chicago church, the minister took for his text "Blessed be the meek for they shall inherit the earth." As he thundered on, the congregation began to fidget in their pews. They were asking themselves why the meek should inherit the earth. Today in our language we think of a meek person as one without the courage to fight the battle of life. This minister might have had more avid listeners had he explained that in the ancient Aramaic tongue in which this was first said, the word "meek" meant those who were willing to accept God's will and wisdom. In the same sense the word "earth" implied the world outside of man—the world we strive to win a part of through honest planning and work. Let us then understand it as: "Blessed are those who have become the heirs of God and accept His guidance, for they shall inherit God's bounty, and their rightful share of the world's wealth."

"If a man ask you to go with him a mile, go you with him two." At first sight this might sound foolish, and we ask why we should travel two miles, when we are asked to go only one. Let me assure you that it is not idle advice. Out of practical experience I learned that the man who performs a mile more than his employer asks of him is marked for promotion and leadership. The

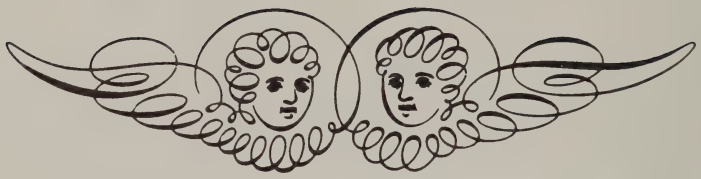
same holds true in every endeavor, be it civic affairs or in our private lives. The community honors a man who gives more of himself than was expected. Righteousness is looked upon as a holy word. It simply means doing right by our fellow man.

God never abandons mankind. It is we who become lost when we abandon God. The Spirit of God dwells within each individual, waiting to be called upon through prayer. Let it be understood that God does not intrude in the affairs of individuals or nations, until we call upon Him for Guidance. No special language is required when we talk with God. Our prayer must be sincere, and we must have the faith to strongly believe that God grants all prayers for good. If we give God three minutes of our time each night when we retire, and two minutes again upon arising, we will note a change for the better in our daily lives. God always understands the most simple prayer, if we make it a regular habit.

With the deepest sincerity I say from experience that prayer can be our "Wonder Drug" to overcome our problems. "Your Father knoweth what ye have need of before ye ask Him." In these days of big government, big business, and big everything else, individualism is shrinking, and is absorbed by the crowd pschology. The crowd blindly accepts whatever thinking is manufactured for it. When we follow the crowd we are likely to discover that the crowd was wrong in its thinking. Daily prayer to God for guidance lifts the individual above the crowd. "Ask and it shall be given ye." Let us Pray!

"To ascend to God means nothing else than to enter into oneself. Indeed, he who enters into the secret place of his own soul passes beyond himself, and does in very truth ascend to God."

"De Spiritu et Anima"
Author Unknown



THE HEAVENS DECLARE

Emma S. McLaughlin

It picked a path across the dark night sky,
one man-made satellite among a field
of constellations. Myriads of stars
swung overhead and seeming to press down
upon us, caught and tangled in the pines.
Then he, who led the vesper on the hill,
wise in the ways comparison is used,
beamed up a path of light to point it out,
so we, the worshippers, could watch it jog
along its course—a symbol of man's might.
Man's might! Before the genius of God,
we saw it as a trifling, childish toy
and realized with insight swift and true
the majesty and glory of the Lord.

IT IS GOOD TO BE.... *Mrs. Robert E. Ricks*

It is good to be discreet,
But hide all of your conceit.

It is wise to entreat,
But be careful of strangers you meet.

Try to be above and not beneath.
Even if you have to use a sheath.

God is love and I believe,
That it is good to try to achieve.

Is it not so good to grieve?
Yes, but careful to retrieve.

It is good to make-believe,
But yet wise to perceive.

It is good to repeat,
All that is good and complete.

CHILDREN *Mrs. Robert E. Ricks*

Children are honest, pure
And freshest from the
Hands of God.

They leave a stamp
Of warmth and security wherever
Their feet have trod.

FROM FLANDERS TO VIET NAM

Marion H. Freeman

The soldier's eyes
Turn green
He cries,
I die, I die!
Why can't I live
I've more to give!

Forget your gold
The flag is old
Too old
To wrap me in
It is a sin to kill
But worse; with skill.

Make peace, I cry
My God and I
We want to live
But you must give
Me life
Not snatch it.

If you do not
It is your doom
To die; yet live.
This is your Hell
No Heaven left
To give.

FREEDOM'S SONG *Zelma Dennis*

The endless flow of plain
Where emerald flame of wheat spears high
Against the sky, and the sound
Of the soaring hawk haunts the blue domain.
Below a farmer shades his eyes
To watch the noonday sun glint fire
Upon the ripening grain,
The rich song of growing things.
Against the distant rim the pointed crown
Of a mountain's crest
Rises a solitary jewel, where icy diamonds sparkle
And evergreen harps play the music of the centuries,
Whose ancient rune enchants anew
Each generation born free.
And yet another symphony beguiles man's soul,
The changing, sweeping roll
Of aqua seas upon a sandy shore,
Where lunar tides reflect their power
Within the moody surf-drum beat.
And wild gulls send their eerie cries aloft
As lifting wings they ride
Invisible waves of wind,
The melody of life flown free.
The song of plain and hill and sea
As man fulfills his destiny
Working in the sod,
Yet lifting ever upward
His hands and heart to God.

THE FAITH OF MAN

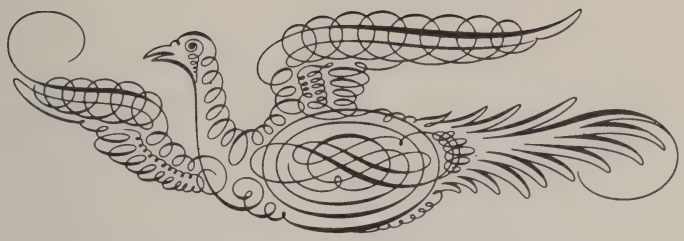
Marjorie Martin

The faith of man
Is naught but a
Seed. A miracle of
Life, proven at
The moment of birth.
The cry of a new
Dawn beginning.

THE NEED FOR LOVE

Marjorie Martin

The nakedness of the
New born is cold.
Into a turbulent
World he has come.
Security lies in the
Warmth of future days.
His need for love
We could appease.
God is ever-near,
Trust in Him.
He'll provide the
Strength, the Faith.
He is Love.....



WHERE IS YOUR TREASURE?

Clara Ullrich Samuels

In earth's natural resources—
Objects which live and die in seasons;
Those which, ultimately, are destroyed
By time, rust, or destructive reasons?

In your mind—a changeable device—
Creator of glorious and brutal things;
Author of wars and corruptible plans
Or tremendous deeds which goodness brings?

In your heart—the manger of the soul—
The priceless resurrected man within,
Who grows in awesome spiritual strength
To gather the wisdom of God within?

SECRET JOY

Catherine Cabeen Houck

A small white flower
Trembling on its stem
In some hidden nook
Sparkles like a gem.
It drops no petals
When wind passes by
And does not wither
Open to the sky.
What simple pleasure
The heart can extol
When such a flower
Abides in the soul.

THE WONDER OF IT ALL!

Velta Myrle Allen

I never climbed a mountain,
Or even a little hill,
But I viewed an evening sunset
And my heart stood still.

For the wonder and the beauty
Of sea, of sky, and clod,
Held me enraptured to
The Omnipotence of God!

THE FORGOTTEN FRONTIER

Eleanor Langfield Linich

The human being is a trinity.

According to theology he is composed of body, soul, and Spirit. Science states you are body, energy and Reason. Karl Marx accepted matter as reality. He judged mortal nature as animal and entertained the race-dogma that sin and disease had substance and power.

Each concept is true, for they are identical. Only the approach to truth and the choice of words is different.

We are not animal. Man has the ability to reason. All other forms of life exist by instinct alone. We not only know the present, we can recall the past, and dare to dream of a future. There is in each of us an inner conviction that we are destined to be something unique.

But individuals need vision to achieve. People who attained greatness throughout the ages proved it by self-dicipline, singleness of purpose, and the ability to reason. These overcame man's animal instincts and helped to evolve him, lifting him to a higher plane in spiritual unfoldment.

There are many levels of greatness. Purpose, energy and consistency determine your success.

Many are chosen but few enter into the gate. We have made many strides in human welfare. But we have not learned how to manage the individual. Mankind has conquered many frontiers in centuries past, and in the future plans to conquer space. But he has still to realize that his greatest frontier is the development of his divine nature. Schools of thought offer various curriculums. But do we teach the individual how to live to be happy?

Why do we turn away from our birthright? Is religion at fault? Is excess of soft living at fault? Are conflicting ideologies at fault? How do we reach the pinnacle?

The discovery of atomic energy by science demands that we attempt to learn a different way of living. Where do we start? In the home? In the school room? In the church? We must first start with ourselves.

It is not easy to change your pattern of thinking. You must be constantly aware of your tendency to wander, and bring it back to its true purpose: to honor the divine mind that created you for a true purpose. You must be vigilant over your emotional upheavals.

Do not contemplate your failures. You have to let the past go. You can only live in the now. Forget old hurts. By recalling them you are keeping them alive. Money alone does not constitute success. A person is a success, no matter how poor, who has created his own environment and is happy in it.

The molding of a new pattern in your character is not accomplished without great difficulty. It requires the same energy as that which goes into building an empire. Its architecture is life's most demanding achievement. But it has its rich compensations.

You are building that empire if you set a goal for yourself as a Divine Manifestation in the individual and move in its direction.

THY WILL BE DONE

Minnie L. Keen

Had we nothing but the sunshine
How could we expect to grow,
Strong and beautiful in spirit,
T'would be vain our seeds to sow,
For He knows, our every movement,
Watches o'er us day and night.
We are placed just where He needs us
We must accept what He thinks right.

For the sun does shine much brighter,
Just when the clouds have rolled away,
And we have so many blessings,
Showered on us every day,
That a little bit of shadow,
Should not bring discouragement.
Perhaps we only need a lesson,
To teach us how to be content.

CHECK ON YOURSELF

"Four things come not back," says a Persian proverb: *"The spoken word—the sped arrow—the past life—the neglected opportunity."*

Do I realize that countless little challenges at home, on the job, at school or in civic life can have long-range consequences? Or do I brush them off?

Do I familiarize myself with the great issues confronting our country and our world? Or do I succumb to the *"It's none of my business"* attitude?

Do I take to heart the Master's admonition, *"Lift up your eyes and behold that the fields are already white for harvest"?* (John 4: 35) Or do I shut my eyes to opportunities to help solve the many social, religious, economic, racial and cultural problems of our times?

Am I alert to openings all around me to contribute to the betterment of everybody . . . by voting regularly . . . taking an interest in school affairs . . . speaking up at meetings . . . writing thoughtful, constructive letters to newspapers, magazines, radio and TV stations and motion picture companies? Or do I *"throw in the sponge"* through apathy or discouragement?

Do I respond to the restless searching of youth by assuring them of the world's need for persons with their talent and motivation? Or do I muff my chances to communicate with them?

Am I readying myself now for future challenges by prayer and wholesome self-restraint? Or do I settle for an easy-going existence, expecting the Lord to work wonders when emergencies arise?

MEDITATIONS ON THE FLAME OF A CANDLE

Francis Merchant

(Continued from June issue)

At the heart of diversity lies unity. There are many branches, but one tree; many waves, but one ocean; many clouds, but one sky; many sparks, but one flame; many events, but one shaping hierarchical Will. Differentiation is the path of the prodigal son, a movement outward. Unity is the path of return to the central fire, a movement inward.

Whither lies the path of unity? The flowers turn toward the sun. The river everlastingly seeks the sea. Man moves ever toward the Fire that will re-shape, re-mold, and transfigure him.

Hesitations, doubts, suspicions, fears—these are flickerings of the flame, sharp winds that threaten to extinguish it.

O Flame of the Spirit, when shall all our pettiness be consumed in your purifying and unifying essences?

Constancy

Behold the steadiness of the flame which burns on inexorably until the form has been translated into essence. Hour after hour it sheds its warming beams abroad, content to shine wherever the darkness is greatest. Having begun its purifying work, the flame burns undeviatingly until the transformation is complete. Thus does it act with exemplary constancy, unwavering in the fulfilment of its ordained task, moving inevitably towards consummation.

When the flame of the heart has been kindled, it must burn with equal steadfastness, never quenched by doubt or fear, but ever projecting light into the far corners of darkness. Fateful is the moment of enkindlement, for this moment foreshadows ultimate transubstantiation. Impermissible is the interruptive extinguishment that prevents the fiery process from moving toward completion.

Having once set the candle of the heart alight, we must permit no diminution or extinction of the flame. In this sense the light of a candle in a quiet place is often more predictable than that which gleams in the heart's recesses. Not entirely by itself will the inner fire continue to burn. We must provide the continuing aspiration lest the flame flicker and die—and we must do so in all conditions of life: in sorrow and suffering, in trial and temptation, in loss and apparent defeat. Amidst the encompassing swirl of change, the inner light must remain unchangeable. Herein lies the test of constancy, the determination to allow the

process of transmutation to go forward to ultimate consummation. Herein lies the courage that sees neither gain nor loss, neither success or defeat, neither the allurements of life nor the goblins of death, but only the steadily burning flame that converts matter into spirit.

Thus do we hail the suns and stars, those symbols of constancy that everlastingly burn from time to eternity, transmuting the finite into the Infinite.

Communicability

One flame lights another, process most mystical and revelatory. So, too, does the one whose heart is aflame apply the fire that sets other hearts aglow and multiply the light of the planet. Not only by the outer sun are we nourished, but also by an inner glow, by the illumination that the candle of the heart provides.

The teacher lights many candles—invisible ones, to be sure, that burn within the depths of the human spirit. Therefore do we honor him and do him reverence. In the inner darkness he makes the light shine, illumining the shadow-filled personality life by the steady glow of the spirit. No greater labor can any man perform on earth.

Shall we, then, not accept this challenge—to become aflame in heart and thereby call forth an equivalent response in others? By so doing, we become sharers of the flame, communicators of the ineffable fire. The thoughts and words that come from the beneficent heart are fire-tipped and can touch others like an incandescent spark.

By the fire of the heart we live—and this fire it is our privilege to share with others. Some day, perhaps, we shall have a world of radiant and radiating hearts, but that time is not yet.

The flaming heart is a torch that unites heaven and earth—a torch that rises from the night of our planet to the dwelling place of the Most High.

Increase and multiply the light. This is the secret injunction underlying all spiritual activity. More specifically, let us manifest the light of benevolence, the light of understanding, the light of daring, the light of beauty, the light of inclusiveness—and by so doing, approach the One Light of which all lesser lights are but reflections.

Sacrifice

Is the tallow fearful of change—fearful lest it lose its individuality, nay, even its identity? Like unto the tallow is the personality that is being transformed by the action of soul and spirit into a more ethereal state. Drastic is the process, radical the alteration. Not infrequently the personality resists, dismayed by the prospect of changing its very substance into flame.

Wisdom comes with thought, not necessarily with time. Sooner or later the personality begins to comprehend a law that has been written into the foundations of the universe—sacrifice. The present must yield to the future, the unreal to the real, matter to the consuming fire of the spirit. Before a candle can shine, it must sacrifice its substance in the interests of flame. Before man can achieve the radiance of a star, how much of the dross in him must be burned into the white incandescence of purity?

Willingly to submit to the re-shaping purgation of flame is sacrifice. The stars that grace the heavens are perpetual reminders of this law. The death of matter is the triumph of flame. The sacrifice of the personality is the birth of the spirit. Not what we gain but what we give up is a measure of spiritual advancement. At death we are called on to make the final relinquishment of the time-space continuum in order that we might polarize

ourselves in the dimensions of transcendent flame.

Renunciation inverts the ordinary values. Loss becomes gain; failure, success; death, life. The outer achievement may become the inner burden; outer applause, inner dissatisfaction. The seeker may fail his way to success. In the cold, clear light of the soul, earthly values may be but obscuring smoke. The wise are those who voluntarily submit to the immitagable fires of sacrifice, straining every achievement through its flames, to emerge transformed and regenerated.

Light

As the candle burns, it brightens the surrounding darkness with light—and the more intensely it burns, the greater the light. The sun sustains worlds by the incandescence of its generative fires. It thus illustrates the basic law of fire—endless giving. The earth could not exist without this constant beneficence of the sun—a beneficence that continues from aeon to aeon.

Light is a link between the Earth and the far-off worlds, and he who weaves in the light will not find himself a stranger in the distant spheres and populate infinite space. Each star or planet surrounds itself with radiance, and, therefore, with beauty. The philanthropy of the universe is a perpetual marvel.

The outer light is representative of the inner. Within the deeps of man glow corresponding fires. Indeed, he is nourished and sustained by the light that is love and the love that is light. As the sun is indispensable for physical life, so is the invisible fire of the heart essential for the spiritual life.

Man is a system of blended fires—the fire of aspiration, of sacrifice, of devotion, of compassion, of love, of joy, of kindness, of knowledge, of cooperation, of justice, of understand-

ing, of courage. The merging of these lights defines the spiritual hero. Eventually man will blend his fires with those of space—a step towards the uniting of worlds.

Three stages may be designated: receptivity to the light, assimilation of the light, and the radiation of light. Thus must we ask: How much of the Light do we screen out? How much do we fail to assimilate? How much do we radiate? The answers to these questions will be revelatory.

The stars adorn themselves with light. Let us do likewise. They pour forth endless streams of light on all worlds. So should we.

In light we pray; in light we are uplifted; in light we approach God.

Regeneration

It has been said that thoughts are things. For ages men have been thinking, that is, creating mental shapes and forms—and much of this thinking has been malign. Where are these accumulations of the centuries if not in the surrounding atmosphere? And how can we rid ourselves of this heavy burden of inherited evil?

Fire can be a potent destroyer. It is an element that must always be carefully guarded. Rightly used, it can burn into nothingness the dross of the ages.

Thought is a fiery power that we possess, and with it we can neutralize the negative accumulations of space. Prayer is an aspect of this potency. Who, then, will think spatially and stratify the atmosphere of the planet with benevolence and goodwill?

It is a challenge to fill space with the fire of elevated

thoughts. What calls shall we repeatedly send? Each one may construct his own spatial arrows, but the following are invocative: Let good befall the world; help to those in need; may the fire of thought purify space; let light descend on earth. However, the flaming heart will provide its own formulas.

Can we regenerate the planet by taking thought? When thought is prayer, and prayer is spatially directed, much can be achieved. In thought we may even send calls to the far-off worlds for universal enlightenment.

For such regeneration, we need but re-orient our thinking. Too long have we believed that thought is manufactured in the brain. The heart, too, is a forge in which such arrows of light may be constructed. Indeed, the thoughts of the heart are shafts of flame that can uplift the consciousness of man to the world of undying fire.

O Flaming Heart, hurl the fire of the spirit against the darkness of the age and so purify the world!

*

WHEN CLOUDS ARE DARK

Catherine Cabeen Houck

Out of my window
Lord, let there be
A bright bird singing
High in the tree.
If his gay color
I can not see
Still may his song bring
Your love to me.

NOTICES and COMMENTS

THE SYMPATHY of our Fellowship is extended to Dr. and Mrs. William Hung (Dr. Hung is President Emeritus and Mrs. Hung an Eastern Zone advisor of FIP) in the untimely and sudden death of their daughter Gertrude, of Riverdale, New York, on June 9. Gertrude Hung Chang was born in Buffalo, New York, in 1921. She received her B.A. from Mills College, her M.A. from Columbia University. At the time of her death she was a research assistant and writer in the Department of Interpretations and Stewardship of the United Presbyterian Church. Memorial services were held for her, on June 15, in the chapel of the Interchurch Center in New York. In place of flowers contributions were made to the "Gertrude Hung Chang Memorial Fund," Mills College, Oakland, California. Gertrude Hung Chang, always interested in and kind to FIP, will be greatly missed.

A HAPPY OCCASION took place on May 27 when Aarno Davidson, our Western Zone advisor and prolific contributor, and Frona Lane were joined in matrimony in Long Beach, California. Mr. and Mrs. Davidson sailed on a honeymoon cruise that will take them to Hawaii, Yokahoma, Tokyo, Hong Kong, and Manila. We wish them much happiness.

OUR CONTRIBUTING EDITOR Harry Halsey Starrett celebrated his ninety-second birthday on July 23. Mr. Starrett has been a member of our Fellowship since its inception. We are happy to report he is in excellent health. We wish him many more years of worthwhile activity.

GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR MEN IN SERVICE. Why not remember a loved one in the armed forces by sending him a gift subscription to FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER? All you need to do is send us his address and your check for $3.00 for a year's subscription. (Ordinarily the subscription rate for overseas is $4.00 a year so that additional postage costs can be met.) Our bimonthly is an antidote for homesickness and loneliness. You will never make a better investment.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. FIP is published six times a year at the rate of $3.00. Special rates are available for additional copies and back issues.

READERS CAN BE WRITERS, TOO. The editor urges all our readers to feel free to contribute articles, stories, poems, meditations, or whatever they care to express, to FIP.

OUR EXECUTIVE SECRETARY, Kathryn G. Brown, took a two-week vacation at the seashore. It was much needed, and she came back tan and rested but with a bad cold which has limited her activity since her return.

In June, we received a surprise visit from Advisor Neil Mellblom, who flew over on business in his new capacity as English press officer for the Lutheran World Federation. He was on his way to Expo '67 in Montreal, Canada, and was to return to Geneva, Switzerland via the USA. Neil wished to convey the best wishes of the Mellblom Family to all FIP friends.

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PRAYER TIME

Mae Lumpkin

Mimosa trees at eventide
Withdraw from the world of men,
They seem to send a fleeting glance
From each shady nook and glen.

When night comes on they fold each leaf
Like hands at the time of prayer,
I have watched them at the time of rest
And thought of the Father's care.

They greet each passerby with joy
In the light of early dawn,
Refreshed by night-time's restful sleep
Their beauty lingers on.

"For a world united in prayer"

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